

## Good Evening!

By BIDE DUDLEY

THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN,  
AND HE WAS WISE, OLD DEAR;  
HE JUMPED INTO A BRAMBLE BUSH  
WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST FEAR,  
AND WHEN THE MAN APPEARED  
AGAIN

WE SAW THE REASON WHY—  
IN EITHER HAND HE HELD A  
QUART  
OF GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED RYE.

Asked his occupation in court  
recently, Frank L. Hedley of the  
Interborough said he was editor  
of the Subway Sun. Come on  
over, Frank, and we'll let you  
run the funny column a while.

## Treat Her Lovely.

If your wife can't cook don't di-  
verge her—eat here and keep her as  
a pet.—"What Did You See?" Depart-  
ment, Evening World.

Oh, reader, if your wife can't cook,  
Don't give up in despair.

No trip to Reno you should book  
To slip the girl the air.

Regard her as a pet, my friend,  
And happy you will be.

And we will join you in the end  
In good old bankruptcy.

## Yeah Bo!

"Let Dempsey and Willis fight. I  
draw no color line—may the best man  
win."—Gov. Miller.

A pretty fair campaign speech, eh,  
wot?

## THELMA, THE VAMP.

(Let the dance proceed, though hearts  
be broken.—Charles K. Harris.)

Thelma stood in the pay-line.  
In her hand was a ticket calling  
for \$14.31. This had come, and  
merely because she would not  
marry Benjamin Hux, the noted  
actor.

Ahead of her stood a man with  
a large stomach. He was eyeing  
her closely.

"Can it be?" he was heard to  
murmur.

The little girl from Kitchikik  
noticed his waist-line and won-  
dered if she were dreaming.  
Years seemed to pass in the in-  
terim.

The paymaster eyed her also.  
His gaze was full of meaning.  
"What is your name, gal?" he  
asked.

"I am Thelma," she replied,  
weeping.

A shiver swept over the stom-  
ach of the large man. "Twas not  
unlike the jellyfish at play.

"Thelma!" It brought back  
memories of his old home town—  
the town he had not seen since  
he was run out of it, eighteen  
years before.

"I once knew a girl named  
Thelma," he said with a cough  
that bespoke a world of emotion.  
Thelma grasped her pay enve-  
lope firmly. She feared the man  
was a Wall Street broker. A  
woman approached.

"Who are you?" demanded  
Thelma.

"Clair de Lune," came the  
reply.

Violently Thelma tugged at the  
newcomer's gown. Handful by  
handful she tore it off.

"Base deceiver!" she screamed.  
She was right.

The strange person was John  
Bartmore, and in his hand he  
held a photograph of Arthur  
Hopkins.

"Clang!"  
The hoodlum wagon was ap-  
proaching.

(To be continued.)

## POEMS OF PREFERENCE.

Nutty Wanner of Harlem is all  
right. He has entered this contest  
not with the idea of winning the  
velvet-lined oyster opener but rather  
to attract the attention of a certain  
dame to the fact that he'd like to lead  
her to the preacher man. Nutt's  
rhyme follows:

I do not care for prizes,  
Unless they're feminine.  
So keep your oyster opener.  
But help me get a line  
On Mary Ellen's fickle heart.  
She lives up Harlem way.  
Please tell her, Mister Evening World,  
Hef board I'd like to pry.  
Request that dame to take my name,  
And if she does, I'll see!  
I'll make her bake some apple cake  
For you, dear sir, and me.

## A Pop-Up.

Casey Mullen of the ball team says  
he walked the floor with Casey Jr. all  
last night.—Youngstown (O.) Record.

## OBSERVATIONS.

A live wire caused a blaze at the  
Winter Garden yesterday. No, it  
wasn't Eddie Cantor.

The Sing Sing Band has been or-  
dered to play no more. The bass  
player, a forger, was giving forth  
false notes.

George Broadhurst has dropped his  
suit against John B. Symon of San  
Francisco, who dropped George.

A Broadway store is advertising a  
complete bathing outfit for the fair  
sex for 89 cents. The ocean is thrown  
in.

British Columbia is now selling  
greasotod fir ties to India. We men-  
tion this, thinking you might like to  
know what's going on in the greasotod  
fir tie world.

The electric light and gas men  
played golf at the Oakland Club yes-  
terday and Bob Livingston turned in  
a card of six wats up and four cubic  
feet to go.

## BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Jim Johnson, my neighbor, has  
never known sight. From birth  
he has lived in continual night.  
The beauties of Nature are hear-  
say to him. The glow of the sun-  
set's a stranger to Jim. He walks  
with a cane which he taps on the  
ground. In life, it would seem,  
little joy he has found. But when  
disappointment and we fill my  
cup, I go to Jim Johnson and Jim  
cheers me up.

Jim hums a crude tune and his  
face wears a smile. He tells me  
all trouble will leave after while  
if I will oppose it with good com-  
mon sense—that nothing will  
matter a hundred years hence.  
"It's great to be living and well,"  
Jim will say. "I thank the Crea-  
tor for life every day. This thing  
they call trouble is just a bal-  
loon." And then he moves off  
with his smile and his tune.

Jim Johnson, my neighbor, I  
call a great man. How fine it  
would be if we all used his plan!  
"T'would make this old life very  
much worth the while if we could  
just borrow Jim's tune and his  
smile. Whenever you're worried  
and willing to quit, and life seems  
to be just a bottomless pit, re-  
member Jim Johnson, the man  
without sight, and then take a  
brace and you'll come out all  
right.

## AND NOW PERMIT US

To suggest that if the Mayor  
would like to know just what  
Grandson Sinnott means when  
he remarks "Oogle glooble," he  
should get another baby to inter-  
pret it for him.

## JOE'S CAR

WOMAN CAME AFTER  
MAN AN' SHE'S BEEN  
AFTER HIM EVER SINCE!



BLANCHE NOT ONLY GETS THE  
\$1500 I ASK FOR THE CAR BUT SHE  
TACKS ON \$200 MORE AN' GETS  
AWAY WITH IT!



INSTEAD OF HAVIN' THAT GRAND  
FEELING OF EXHILARATION OVER  
GETTIN' RID OF THE CAR —



— I FIND MYSELF WEIGHED  
DOWN BY THE CONVICTION  
THAT I'M A MAGNIFICENT  
SPECIMEN OF A FATHEAD!



TWO FOOLS IN MY  
HOUSEHOLD. AN' I'M  
BOTH OF 'EM!



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## THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

ODEAR! A HORRID  
MAN FLIRTED WITH ME  
THERES HIS HAT HE  
LEFT WHEN HE RAN —  
ITS RIGHT SIDE OF  
HIS FOOT PRINTS!



NOSIR! NO  
CAKE-EATER! CAN  
FLIRT WITH MY WIFF  
AN' GET AWAY WITH  
IT ILL



AH! THAT'S  
MY HAT  
BROTHER!



SO!



KITCHY  
KOO!



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## Next Chapter—"BAM"!

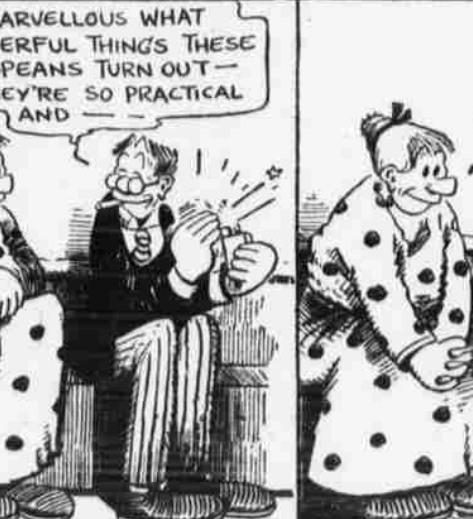
## LITTLE MARY MIXUP



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## A Real Surprise for Two!

## KATINKA



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## Practical? Yes, Practically Useless!

## About Plays and Players

**THE Messrs. Shubert** are announc-  
ing the completion of the plans  
for their next season's vaude-  
ville circuit. The unit system will be  
used exclusively with the regular sea-  
son beginning in September. The cir-  
cuit extends as far west as Omaha  
and south to Louisville. Unit features  
will be produced by Lew Fields, Joe  
Galtes, W. B. Friedlander, Arthur  
Klein, Al Jones, Max Spiegel, L.  
Lawrence Weber, Jack Singer, Henry  
Dixon, Max Marcin, I. H. Herk and  
the Shubert interests. Mr. Herk,  
President of the Affiliated Theatres  
Corporation, says the new circuit  
should not be looked on as a rival of  
the Keith Circuit because its shows  
move about intact and each one, while  
filled with vaudeville, is really more or  
less of a revue. He calls the idea a  
fresh and promising field of theatrical  
activity.

**ATTRactions ARE FEW.**  
With four more attractions closing  
to-night, there will be about thirty

positively will resume its run at the  
same theatre on Aug. 1.

## MUSIC EASY FOR HIM.

Maurice Holland, who was in "Mar-  
jolaine," plays the violin and plays  
it well, although up to six months  
ago he had never had one in his  
hands. They wanted a touch of vi-  
olin music in the show and he volun-  
teered to furnish it. In less than  
three weeks he had learned to play.  
Mr. Holland is in "Sue, Dear," which  
opens a New York engagement at the  
Times Square Theatre on July 10.  
"Anybody with an ear for music  
can learn to play any instrument in  
a month if he will apply himself,"  
says he.

## ANOTHER NEGRO SHOW.

And still the Negro shows come.  
Jack Goldberg has one rehearsing at  
Terrace Garden and expects to launch  
it within a month. As yet he hasn't  
named it.

## GOSSIP.

Dolly Connolly has joined "The Pin  
Wheel Revue" at Earl Carroll's  
Theatre.

"The Inevitable" will open in As-  
bury Park on July 10. William Gil-  
more is directing it.

John Anthony, recently seen in  
"Montmartre," is sailing to-day for  
a holiday in Europe.

Jerome and Herbert, Jere Delaney  
and Baranoff have been engaged for

"My Radio Girl," to be produced by  
Eddie Dowling.

Bessie McCoy is to be one of the  
stars in the Arthur Pearson Shubert  
Vaudeville Unit.

News from the Coast says Sheila  
Terry, the Keith dancing star, has  
married Roy Sedley, leading man in  
her act.

Sam H. Harris will produce "It's  
a Boy" at the Apollo Theatre, At-  
lantic City, on July 17.

A special dancing session will be  
held at the Terrace Garden Danco-  
Palace on Tuesday, July 4, at which  
time a preliminary in the "Select  
Your Dance" popular applause con-  
test will be a feature. A preliminary  
will be held to-morrow afternoon also,  
and there will be another Thursday  
night.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

We heard a girl on the subway this  
morning saying she had seen Mar-  
jorie Rainbow in "The Gold Mine"  
last night.

## FOOLISHMENT.

There was a young lady named Mary,  
Who bit on the seed of a cherry.  
It made her so mad  
That she kicked her old dad  
And swore at the hired man, Jerry.

**PUT IT IN THE ACT.**  
"Why is an egg like a colt?"  
"Because it is of no use until it's  
broken."

Screenings  
By DON ALLEN

## YOU KNOW AL!

Al Christie, supervising director of  
the Educational Christie Comedies, is  
back from Europe and already hus-  
tling toward the land of the prune  
and the native son.

Al took a vacation and swore he  
wouldn't as much as think of a pic-  
ture while away. He visited England,  
Scotland, France and parts of New-  
ark.

"I don't know a thing more about  
pictures in Europe now than I did  
when I left New York," Al whispered  
to us, "because all I saw in the  
cinemas abroad were Christie com-  
edies that I had made months ago."

What do you mean—"forget pic-  
tures"?

## "MUTT!"

Robert C. Bruce, who glides the lily  
and perfumes the rose, as far as  
scenics are concerned, is worried. He  
recently acquired a new dog to appear  
in a picture to be known as "Jenkins  
and the Mutt." The dog is a good  
actor, all right, and the pictures, be-  
ing taken by Bruce, are classics.

But that isn't the point of this yarn  
at all. It seems that when a salesman  
called upon a certain uptown Manhat-

tan picture theatre owner and offered  
him a chance to exhibit "Jenkins and  
the Mutt" the exhibitor froze right up  
and dismissed the picture with:

"I don't want book any more of  
those Mutt and Jeff cartoons and"

And the salesman told him just ex-  
actly what we would have told him  
had we been in the salesman's place.

## "GANGWAY!"

Stages to the right of them, stages  
to the left of them, and still not  
enough to house all the different  
scenes in Robert Hichens' "The  
Voice from the Minaret."

Three of the stages alone will be  
utilized for the sets representing  
Bombay, Damascus and London,  
while mob and other scenes and  
other big effects will be shot on dif-  
ferent locations.

We don't know, but the advance  
notices sure do savor of the old Bar-  
num days! For, if that doesn't  
sound like a three-ringed circus we  
miss our guess by a couple miles.

## WELL NAMED.

It looks as though Larry Evans, the  
scribe, had bided better than he re-  
alized when he called his first direct  
writing for the screen "Money,  
Money, Money."

For, no sooner than it was an-  
nounced that the story was to be  
screened than a big Broadway the-  
atrical manager wired Larry that he  
thought it would make a splendid  
speaky. Money, Money, Money.

Money, Money" will probably be seen  
on a Broadway stage next season.

Not to be outdone, the editor of a  
big magazine has just closed the so-  
cial rights to run the story in his  
magazine.

If any one should ask Larry how he  
was making out he could answer:

"I'm making"— Oh, just read  
over the title again!

## CUT-BACKS.

Pauline Brundis, star of Swedish  
Biograph productions, has the dis-  
tinction of being the only woman  
movie director in Scandinavia.

Which, in our humble estimation, is  
SOME distinction!

Lars Hanson (another canny Scot),  
who plays the hero in "In Self-De-  
fense," is known as "the Fairbanks  
of Sweden."

Sorter starts out like a lesson in  
geography, doesn't it?

Harry Levey told us yesterday  
that owing to the reception of his  
presentation of "Around the World  
With Burton Holmes" he has de-  
cided to give us in the fall a travel  
film de luxe called "Our Own United  
States." We, for one, are mighty  
glad!

"A Case of Identity" will be the  
next Educational release in the Sher-  
lock Holmes series. "Identity" may  
be all right—but we'd rather have a  
"case" of something else.

Norma Talmadge is the latest to  
claim "the biggest movie set ever  
photographed." Her entry is the big

ballroom scene in "The Elmer  
Fleming." We don't know which "set"  
should win the title—but Robert  
Bruce ought to enter some of his  
scenics. He used the whole world as  
a background.

The dressing rooms that served the  
stars of yesteryear out in Hollywood  
are being torn down along with the  
rest of the old Christie studio build-  
ings, which are being razed to carry  
out the house-cleaning and rebuilding  
plans of the company. Many of the  
stars that were housed in these rooms  
have fallen long ere this.

According to the vivid word-  
paintings of the F. A., "When the  
Desert Calls," besides being lavish,  
reels with startling society romance  
and dabbles on the jagged edge of  
crime and respectability. We've  
simply GOT to see that one!

The Police Glee Club will sing  
during the showing of "In the Name  
of the Law" at the George M. Cohan  
Theatre. Criminals are still working  
twenty-four hours a day in all parts  
of the city, too.

They are bragging a lot about hav-  
ing a Chinese junk in "East Is West."  
The junk we lump in most films may  
not have the distinction of being  
thoroughbred Chinese, but its junk  
joke is the same.

Metro announced yesterday that it  
would soon abolish its scenic staff  
and order all its writing done by spe-  
cial writers. Now watch a bunch  
of scenarists drift back into the news-  
paper game.

KRAZY  
KRAZ

FROM FLORENCE  
RABSON  
314 QUINCY ST.  
BROOKLYN

SOME  
PEOPLE  
ARE SO  
DUMB  
THEY  
THINK A  
STAGE COACH  
GIVES  
THEATRICAL  
LESSONS